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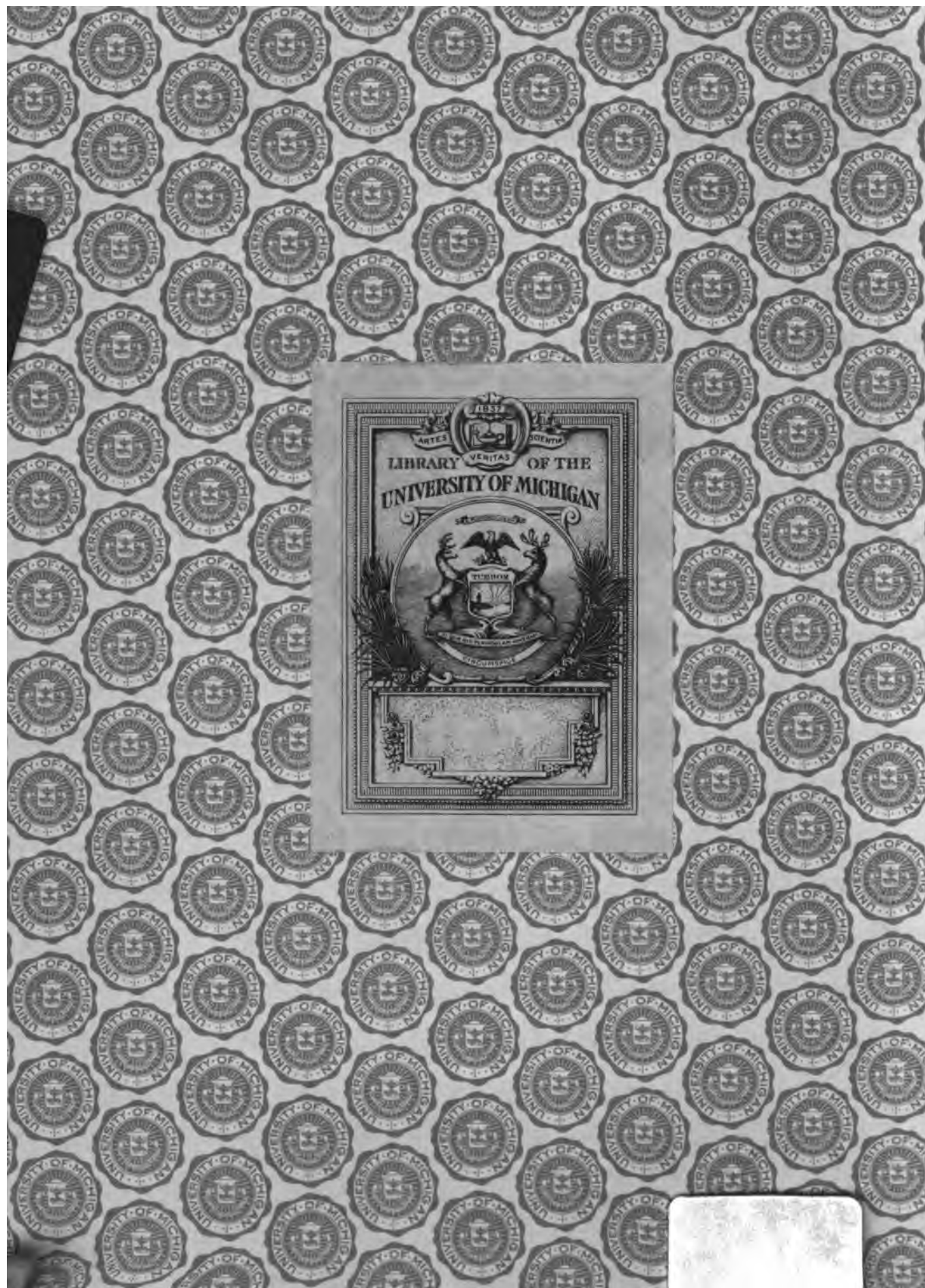
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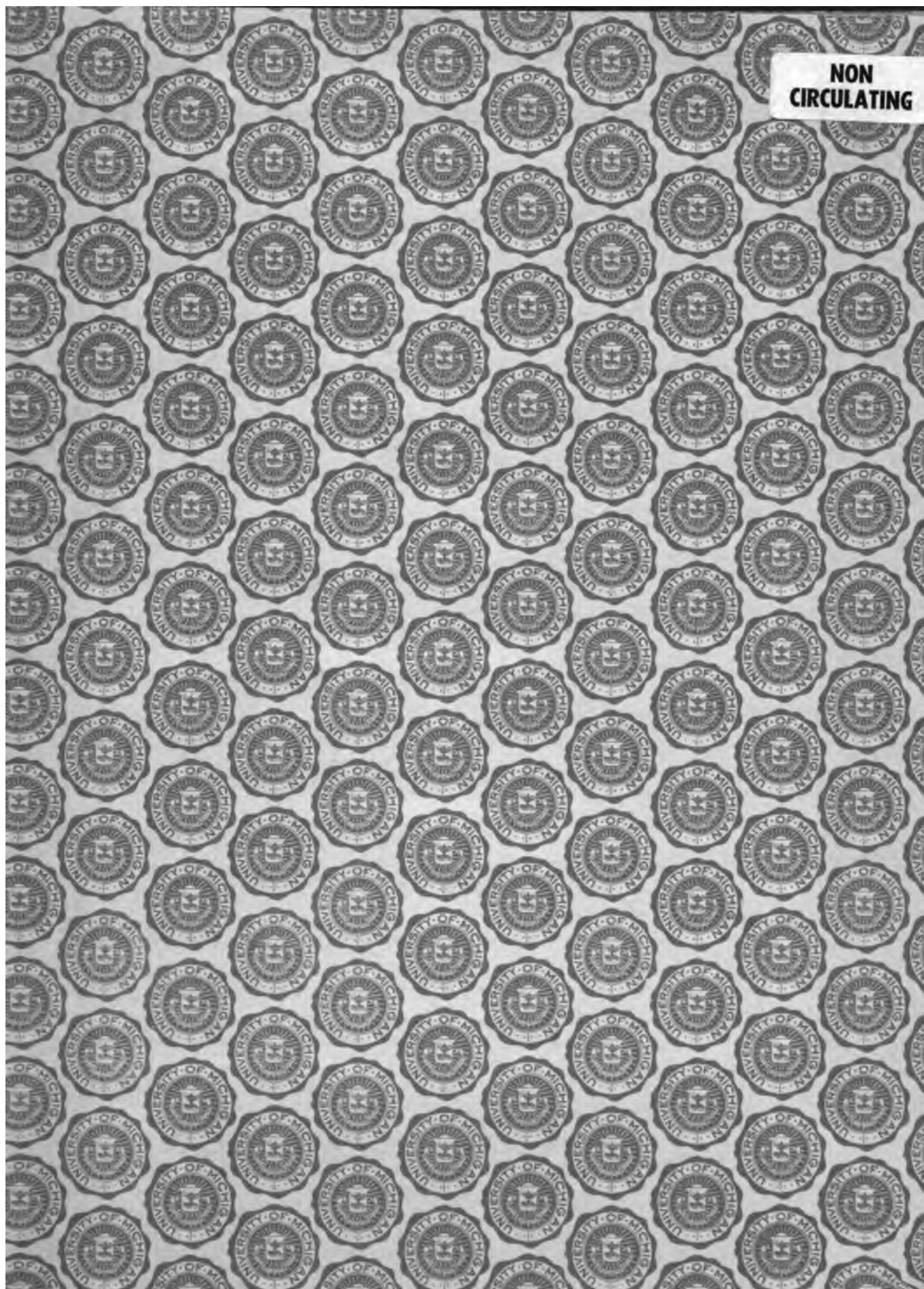
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JUSTIFICATION:

A P O E M.

B Y T H E

AUTHOR OF THE DIABOLIAD.

QUISQUIS ERIT VITÆ, SCRIBAM, COLOR.

HOR.



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P R E F A C E.

THERE is no species of Writing which Mankind abuse with so much virulence in the world, and so eagerly attend to in the closet, as that of Satire. The Author who possesses a genius for this species of composition is certain of success; and while almost every one discovers an outward displeasure at his Works, a rapid and extensive sale generally marks the real opinion of the World concerning them. That a vicious and degenerate Age, which affords such an infinite variety of objects for the Satiric Muse, should disavow its right, and endeavour to lessen its power to censure, is a matter of natural expectation; and that almost every individual whose vices look for a justification in those of others, should indulge a private delight in the page where they may be openly exposed, is equally consistent with the lamentable infirmity of Human Nature.

To praise those who are truly worthy of praise, is the most delightful employment of the human mind. Few satisfactions can equal his, who

wanders in the Garden of the Muses to form a Chaplet for the brow of Virtue, whose tendrils Interest will not bind, and where Flattery does not interweave one gaudy blossom. This is the most pleasing sacrifice at the Altar of Justice! But the Deity has claims upon us of a less pleasing, tho' not less useful nature—to plait the Scourges for the Correction of Folly.—This, in the eye of the World, may be an inferior ministry;—but it is equally necessary to deter from evil by the fear of punishment, as to invite to good by the hope of remuneration.—This conduct is essential to the nature of Man, and has been adopted by the wisdom of that Religion which is from above.

Whoever induces men to practise Virtue by an irresistible picture of its rewards, or deters from Vice by public exposure and wholesome severity, is the Minister of Religion, and, in some degree, aids the holy purpose of fitting imperfect Beings for the participation of perfect natures. Nor have I the least doubt but there are many examples, where the salutary exposure of Satire has fitted the mind for the reception of religious impressions.—When a bad man is properly exposed by the former, if his Nature, from long habits of vice, is not become incorrigible, he will have a natural recourse to the latter for those comforts which it is impossible he can obtain from any other source. For this particular end Satire directs its shafts to known Persons and Characters, by whom general severities would be scarcely felt, and against which the common self-delusions of the heart would be too often sufficient to protect them.

There

There are many grievous excesses which Law does not reach, and concerning which the menaces of Religion are ineffectual. Satire takes, as it were, the middle way; supplies, in some measure, the defects of Law in erecting a Tribunal of its own; and, by creating a sensibility to its own severities, prepares the mind to be affected by those of Religion. I cannot be persuaded, as some have been, that the severe public notice of Indecorums and Excesses can render a bad man worse. If it should make him feel, there is a chance, at least, of making him better; and this alone is a sufficient justification to any one who endeavours at the task of Reformation.—Besides, however unavailing the chastisement may be to hardened offenders, it will, surely, possess the same deterring qualities which wise Legislators have supposed to belong to all punishments;—it may check the career of Vice, and give new vigour to desponding Virtue.

There are examples, says *Montesquieu*, which are worse than actual crimes; and more States, he adds, have been undone by men who have violated the Manners, than by those who have violated the Laws.—If, therefore, the Pen of the Satirist effectuates an attention to public appearance and decorum, it answers a very good and consequential design, by lessening the contagion of bad example: so that if it should not be able to awaken virtuous sentiments in the bosom of a vicious Character, it may be allowed to possess the power of throwing some degree of restraint upon his public procedure: and this, if *Montesquieu's* opinion is

is of any weight in the argument, would be making a very considerable acquisition in behalf of Virtue and good Manners.

To all but the most abandoned Characters, there is a natural desire of Fame; and even they, too often, annex a false idea of Glory to their vicious eccentricities. It cannot, therefore, but be highly unpleasant and disagreeable to men possessed of the least sensibility, however Fortune, Rank, or Station may have placed them above the common inconveniencies of Public Odium, to have their pictures drawn by the Poet with all their imperfections about them, for the review, contempt, and repetition of the Crowd; and in colours which may, perhaps, convey the unfavourable image of them to distant times. If this be the case, and I think it will not be presumption in me, or the having too favourable an opinion of the Age, to suppose it so,—the fear as well as the lash of Satire may, as I have already observed, teach Prudence and Precaution, where it cannot inspire the Love of Virtue.

General Satire may afford instruction, nay, may give a wholesome alarm to unsophisticated minds. It may convey to Youth the picture of those vices which will assail him, and those Characters which he will meet with in the World, and warn him of its dangers. It may also offer its descriptions to the dubious and varying application of Mankind. But Personal Satire, by pointing out its objects, prevents bad men from flying to any subterfuge, or practising any evasion to elude its exposure. It holds them forth to the immediate and certain odium of their fellow-creatures.

P R E F A C E.

creatures. That this exercise, therefore, of poetical talents is worthy of praise and encouragement, will, I trust, be readily acknowledged by every virtuous mind, without seeking for a justification in the example of the many great and good Men who have practised it. Indeed, in a Free Country, where the Laws afford such a latitude for the exercise of Virtue, the opportunities of pursuing an opposite conduct must be many and inevitable: so that if Religion should lose its controul over evil dispositions, there would be but few temporal corrections left, or at least exercised, but in the manly exertions of the Satirist. Indeed, such is the present state of Religion, that I may venture to assert, not one of the Rectors of *St. James's*, *St. Martin's*, *St. George's Hanover-Square*, or *St. Margaret's Westminster*, would think it a prudent step to remonstrate personally with many of their noble and opulent Parishioners upon their unchristian conduct;—the greater part of whom, as they seldom or never frequent the public worship of the Church, may reside in a Parish their whole lives without hearing the voice, or even knowing the face of their Spiritual Pastor and Master *.

The Satirist, therefore, to fulfil that design which the liberal spirit of our Law cannot reach, and the necessary politeness of Modern Religion

* I would not be thought even to hint, that the Pastoral Care of these Parishes is disregarded by the Ministers of them; I only mean to justify the observations I have made on the immorality of Modern Times, when the most pious and rational Christian would think it *Saint-errantry* in any of those Réverend Men to attempt the strict duties of a Parish Priest.—This is not an Age for Ministers to practise Evangelical Sincerity;—at least, out of their Pulpit.

dare not undertake, should not content himself with one or two occasional efforts. Vice is a monster, whose scaly rind mocks the point of a single dart, tho' thrown by the strongest arm, and can be alone subdued by firm and repeated attacks. On this idea I propose to publish, as particular Events or Characters may demand my notice, and as my abilities, such as they are, may serve me, a series of Poems, wherein the Manners and Characters of the Present Times will be represented with truth and attention. To these, perhaps, the following pages may serve as a natural Introduction.

As for the particular motives to these Publications, which, without doubt, will be unfavourably represented, if I write the truth, no one will have a right to examine them; and should I be found guilty of a willing falshood, I will readily acknowledge the justice of those who may suspect them to be of the very worst nature. But in such an Age as this, it is well if any motive can induce men possessed of Satirical Talents to make the Fool ashamed of his folly, and drive the Vermin of the World from their holes and lurking-places. The more noble and disinterested the spirit of Satire, the more effectual will be its exertions;—and the more blameless the life of him who exerts it, the more honourable will be his office. But if there should not be virtue enough in the Age to perform this important business for the sake of Virtue, the weakness and passions of some men may promote the benefit of others. These may be stimulated by the hope of Gain, the impulse of Vanity, or even by the spirit of Revenge, to those duties which, in the corruptions of the present Times, so seldom owe their exertions to the Love of Justice.

This

This Design has been represented to me as big with danger; but the man who is destitute of courage, wants an essential requisite to succeed in great and noble employments.—Indeed, he whose pursuits expose him to the violent passions of wicked men, will find it most essentially necessary to his success and his repose. I fear not the threats of impetuous Youth! the hand of Greatness dare not smite me! and Malice will tremble as she pursues her dark path to accomplish my distress. This may be thought to be the boast of Vanity, or the tone of Affectation. It may be so, for I may be deceived; but, if I am capable of forming a Judgment from the circumstances about me, it is the language of Truth;—and if I know myself,—it is the language of my heart.



T H E

J U S T I F I C A T I O N .

L— **W** H A T ails my Friend?—what means th'explo-
ring eye,

That seems to commerce with the distant sky ?
Some Muse, perhaps, beyond my vulgar fight,
Does to the Bard unveil her awful flight.
Tell me ! oh tell me ! is the Virgin seen
With gentle aspect, or with threat'ning mien ?
Will Satire's searching venom still prevail,
Or Panegyric gild the pleasing tale ?

B

Long

2 THE JUSTIFICATION.

Long have I wish'd with freedom to impart
The secret counsels of my anxious heart ;
'To turn your footsteps from the rugged way,
To where the flow'rets bloom, and zephyrs play.
Fain would I urge your Muse to take her flight,
From the dark dungeon and the dreary night ;
To the bright Sun her alter'd course to raise,
And warm the chilling censure into praise.
Compose those conscious smiles, and deign to lend
A patient hearing to your faithful Friend.

P——. Should pride within my looks forbidden lie,
Do you but frown—I'm all humility.
At your command each smile shall disappear,
'Tis * * speaks, and I am bound to hear.
Come then, my Lord, and let us onward stray,
While the Sun sheds intolerable day,
To catch the breeze in yonder winding glade,
Or court the coolness of th' embow'ring shade ;

Or,

Or from the sultry noon to seek repose,
 Where the Rose blossoms and the Laurel grows
 To grace the sacred Dome, unknown to Fame,
 Whose letter'd friezes gleam with Friendship's name.
 Friendship, a public Virtue now no more ;
 No longer worshipp'd, as in days of yore,
 In Forums, Senates, and the Civil Bar *,
 Or 'mid the horrors of th' embattel'd War.

Far

* *The Civil Bar.* That Private Friendship is to have no concern in the Public Profession of a Barrister at Law, was determined at the last *Lent Assizes* for the county and city of *Worcester*.—The fact is as follows: A Counsellor of high rank, and very acknowledged abilities, without any application on his part, was nominated by a very considerable body of the Inhabitants of Worcester, as a Candidate to represent that City in Parliament at the last General Election; and was supported by a great number of their suffrages, though without success.—Some time after, the same Party caused a Prosecution to be commenced against a Person, who had voted on the other side, for Perjury. When this trial came on to be heard, the learned Advocate, to the great surprize of his Friends and Supporters, was engaged against them. This unexpected conduct produced great complaints against him; as he was supposed, thereby, to have acted in direct opposition to those principles of gratitude, which good offices never fail to create in liberal minds: and it was the more strongly reprobated in him, as, from his eminence on the Circuit, he must be sure of being employed, though an early application might not have been made to him by his Friends,

on

Far from the World her calm retreat is made,
 And the rare Vot'ry seeks her in the shade.
 While you, at length, from public bondage free,
 Turn from the flattering croud to smile on me,
 —There mute Attention on your words shall wait,
 And holy Friendship rule the deep debate.

L—. And know, my Friend, the fault will be your own,
 Whene'er my smiles contract into a frown.
 But sure 'tis strange, to me 'tis passing strange,
 To find within your breast this sudden change ;

on the supposed certainty of his not taking a Brief against them. What Justification the Gentleman made, I know not.—If he made any, I doubt not of its propriety.---But the Judge, in his Charge to the Jury, fully exculpated him, by declaring, that it was the duty of every Counsel, upon all occasions, and without reserve, to take the Brief which should be first offered him.---I do not mean to charge the learned and able Advocate with any impropriety in the matter;—I cannot suppose he acted otherwise than the known established usage of the Bar would well justify.---He could not have any temptation, nor, from what I have heard of his private character, the least inclination to do otherwise. All I mean to prove is,---That, by a solemn, judicial Opinion, Friendship is not supposed, and cannot be expected, to operate in the public Profession of a Barrister at Law.

To

To see you quarrel thus with Common Sense,
And play the truant to Benevolence ;—
To quit your prudence, and to dare the rage
Of the bad men of this degen'rate Age.
Where are those soft'ning powers that could impart
Their sympathetic feelings to the heart ;
That with a tale of well-imagin'd woe
Could make the breast to heave, the tear to flow ;
And thus, in guise of tenderness, befriend
The cause of Virtue, and her realms extend ?
Those tender feelings, once your honest boast,
If chang'd by Satire, are for ever lost.
Haste, then, to leave the rigid Cenfor's name,
And take, oh take, a smoother road to Fame !
'Tis madness, when the Olive will afford
The means of good, to draw th' inhuman Sword !

P—. Indeed, my Lord, you err ; the charge is vain,
Nor does me right—unalter'd I remain.

No fractious Dæmon in my breast has strove
To drop its acid on the milk of Love.
That tender sentiment your kindness gives
To my past life, within my bosom lives :
Nor will it leave its long-accustom'd seat,
Till Life's last, lingering pulses cease to beat ;
'Till all your acts of friendship must be o'er,
And you can hear my grateful voice no more.
Frown not, my Judge, recall that look severe ;
While I defend my cause, with patience hear :
Let candour on my well-weigh'd words attend,
And if the plea should fail, condemn your Friend.

Know then, my Lord, the fast and tender tie
Of civil life, that's call'd Humanity,
Has but one object—Human-kind to bless,
And aid the scheme of general happiness.
For this great purpose, she adapts her plan
To the frail, various character of Man.

Thus

Thus some are melting, others are severe ;
To these she courage gives, to those a tear :
Courage that dares to meet the threat'ning blow,
And tears prepar'd to soothe the afflicting woe.
To some, more partial, she imparts the whole,
And blends the daring with the melting soul.

The prudent Father who his offspring loves,
By kind chastisement his affection proves.
When in uplifted hands the rod he bears,
Nor heeds the little culprit's flowing tears,
Does he a Father's tenderness deny ?——
No, no, my Lord,—'tis all Humanity !
——Again : When many a year is past and gone,
The cautious Parent, trembling for his Son,
Just on the launch, with eager haste, to brave
The dangers of the World's tempestuous wave,
Grasps his young hand, and heaves the unbidden sigh—
What call you this, my Lord ?——Humanity !

Or,

Or, should he mourn the Boy's untimely doom,
 Say, as he follows to the gaping tomb,
 Should the big drops gush from his downcast eye,
 Is this a weakness—or Humanity?—

L—. These sentiments with pleasure I commend;
 Again I hear the language of my Friend.
 Sweet Peace be his, whose kindness may impart
 The healing cordial to the wounded heart!
 Sweet Peace be his, whose lenient arts beguile
 The plaintive look, and change it to a smile!
 Sweet Peace be his, who wipes the weeping eye,
 And dries the tear of sobbing Misery!—
 But higher joys shall to his bosom flow,
 Who saves the eye from tears, the heart from woe!
 —A far, far greater honour he secures,
 Who stops the coming ill, than he who cures.
 Indeed, my Bard, I never shall agree,
 That Satire's friendly to Humanity.

P—.

THE JUSTIFICATION.

9

P——. Satire, my Lord, employ'd in the defence
Of injur'd Virtue, is benevolence;—

And such is mine !—The verse that strives to mend
The dissipated heart, is Virtue's friend :

While the vain Muse that does on Vice bestow
Its frothy flatteries, is Virtue's foe.

That foe I'll combat—from her plaited hair
The shading plumes my angry verse shall tear,
That hide the viper train who breed their poison there. }

I'll strip the Fiend, and to the wondering eye
Expose the scaly form of Flattery.

Your tenderness, perhaps, may wish to soothe
The hardy phrase, and check the tone of Truth ;
T' undress the Lady with a Virgin's care,
And tell some melting story in her ear.

Vice mocks the soothing strain ; a tender tale

May strengthen Virtue, but will ne'er prevail

O'er lawless Passion. Do the frantic cries,

The heaving bosom, or the bursting sighs

Of the young Virgin reach the flinty heart
Of hungry Lust, or one remorse impart?
When she implores, does the rude Spoiler hear
The soft beseechings of her bitter prayer?
And when she tells the woes of ruin'd fame;
And when she calls upon a Father's name,
Or paints his hoary sorrows; will the tale
Softens the brutal Traitor, and prevail?
Or make him still with keener gust pursue
The foul design, and urge him to undo?

If daring Vice, no longer a disgrace,
Gives fame and lustre to the human race;
If wanton villainy and rude excess
Hold forth the verdant palm of happiness;
Satire must be an unrelenting foe,
That at their honours aims the hostile blow.
But you, my honour'd Lord, to whom 'tis given
To practise every virtue under Heaven,

Well know, in reason and religion's plan,
The Foes of Vice to be the Friends of Man.
Vice is the source of all our real woe,
Of human happiness the inhuman foe.
Whene'er the virtuous bosom heaves a sigh,
The Gods themselves look down with sympathy.
The virtuous man, my Lord, howe'er distressed,
Bears in himself the means of being blest :
'Mid pains and tortures he can turn his eye
To the sure mercies of a pitying Sky.
He knows the common end of all his woe,
And waits with patience the protecting blow ;
He smiles in death, and views beyond the tomb,
The glorious prospect of a world to come.

The common ills of life we all must try,
But Guilt alone is real misery.
The thought of guilty deeds alarms the brave,
And binds with heavier chains the shackled slave.

Guilt lights the flaming Judgments on the wall
That struck th' ASSYRIAN pale, and will appal
The heart that other terrors would disdain,
And make the warm blood curdle in the vein.
—Guilt is the scorpion sting whose biting smart
Winds through the deep recesses of the heart ;
The never-dying worm that will survive
To guilty Souls, when Bodies cease to live.
—If Satire then can curb with tighten'd rein
The daring vice, and make its efforts vain ;
If the keen terrors of her 'vengeful rod
Can force the lurking vice from its abode,
And drive it forward to the public eye,
To bear the stamp of public infamy ;
If she can make the blust'ring Bully pale,
Or pierce with searching shaft the plaited mail
Of frontless Impudence ; if Satire dare
To weave disgrace around the pension'd Star,
Your steady Justice never can deny
That she is friendly to Humanity ?

L——. How sweetly Fancy, with her painted Train,
 Bestrews her whimsies on the Poet's brain !
 What magic forms appear, what visions rise,
 To charm with gawdy glare the Poet's eyes !
 How rude in me the gilded dream to break,
 And call th' enchanted Poet to awake !
 But Truth, my Friend, looks round in vain to find
 These grand effects of Satire in Mankind.
 S— —, so long the Cenfor's fruitful theme,
 Careless of Britain, punts upon the stream,
 And from th' official barge delights to shew
 His pale-fac'd Mistress to the fry below.
 Is L— — — enroll'd in Virtue's list ?——
 Or Cousin A— — turn'd a Methodist ?
 MARS will from censure shield his FAVOURITE SON,
 And Satire's thrown away on L— — — !
 E'en he would scarcely feel, should you rehearse,
 'The *Terrier's* Barkings * in sonorous verse.

* *The Terrier's Barkings.*] The signature of a great many successive Letters which appeared, some time ago, in a Morning Paper, and were remarkable for their severe reprehensions of this noble Lord.

Does — — cease a drunken Catch to roar?

Does — — love a Bawdy-house no more?

Say, has thy Muse been able to expand

The close-contracted heart and grasping hand

Of hungry H— —? Has thy Satire won

To Virtue's noblest deeds his darling Son?

And dost thou think its sharpness will impart

One gen'rous sentiment to B— —'s heart?

Still he is worthless; and, in spite of you,

Will smile and smirk as he was wont to do!

Does giddy Beauty, aw'd by thee, pull down

The nodding height of Folly's feather'd crown?

Will sprightly D— —y leave the rattling Square

To suckle Babies in the Surry air?

Or fair *Devonia* quit th' *enchanting Ton*

For Wisdom's graver joys at WIMBLEDON?

Come, tell the profits of this lashing trade;

Produce one reformation you have made,

I will myself before your virtue bend,

And ask forgiveness of my injur'd Friend.

P—.

P——. You cannot know, my Lord, who never stray
 From Virtue's fair and ever open way,
 The various arts of Vice ;—you never trod
 The dark mæanders of her foul abode ;
 Where the base Fiend, with daily toil, prepares
 The bold temptations and the secret snares ;
 Where grinning Scandal frames the daily lie,
 And cunning weaves the web of flattery :
 The lie that Malice, with insidious aim,
 Shoots from her well-strung bow at Virtue's name :
 The gentle Flattery that watchful Art
 Slides, unperceiv'd, into the heedless heart.
 There Falshood forms, for unexperienc'd Youth,
 The subtle glass that o'er the brow of Truth
 Throws frowns of angry aspect, and beguiles
 Her own disgusting face with winning smiles.
 There busy Spirits forge, with curious art,
 The triple plates of brass, to guard the heart
 From Reason's bold assault ;—and the glad eye
 Of Pride beholds the stubborn armory.

There

There hellish Ministers with fatal care
From baneful drugs the potent juice prepare ;
Whose dead'ning posset dulls the mental sense
Against the wholesome pains of Penitence.
Such are the arts I combat, such the foe,
At whose proud crest I aim the pointed blow.

Think you at once the Villain will reveal
The biting pangs the Muse shall make him feel ?
Vice, obstinate in ill, will never own
The awful strength that bears the mischief down.
Perverse and proud, and grinning with her pain,
She'll strive with smiles to prove the scourgings vain,
Or, like a coward, tremble to impart
The justice of the shaft that wounds her heart.
B— —, who fears the lashes yet to come,
May smile in public ; but he weeps at home ;
In his sad chamber threats, and storms, and swears ;
Then wets the wakeful pillow with his tears.

If

If widow'd Love should ask him why he weeps,
What Sorrow round her bed its vigil keeps,—
'Tis *Britain's danger* fills his *patriot* eyes,
Or *Friendship's sorrows* aid the thin disguise.
The long night past, he wipes the tears away,
And shapes the smile to grace him through the day.

When S * * leaves the Navy's dread command,
Lur'd by the beck'ning of a female hand ;
Or yields the Trident of the briny flood,
To share the labours of the angling rod ;
And steers the vessel through its wat'ry way
To where, in mazy dance, the gudgeons play ;
Or, fond each trifling duty to perform,
Impales upon the hook the writhing worm ;
Whene'er in sports like these such men engage,
Behold the opiates of declining Age,
That hates the dire remembrance of the past,
And fears th' approaching terrors of the last.

The modish Fair may, for a while, defy
The voice of Truth, or call it Calumny ;
But eager Time will hasten to destroy
Each changeful fabric of unreal joy.
Time, on the Muses wings, shall quickly bear
His solemn warnings to *Devonia's* ear ;
Shall make her blush through Folly's vain disguise,
And gladly learn of SPENCER to be wise.

If there's a power within the soul of Man
That, with unerring judgment, knows to scan
The thoughts that lurk within the human heart ;
From whom no shrewd device, no cunning art
Can veil the secret wish ;—whose searching eye
Pierces the gloom of dark hypocrisy ;
If this Eternal Judge to Man is given,
By the deep counsels and the grace of Heaven,
To check his footsteps, if from right he stray,
And turn them into Virtue's better way ;—

Shou

Should Satire, by its bold and nervous line,
 Aid and support the glorious design ;
 Oh, dare not look with anger on the rod,
 That aids the immediate Minister of God !
 Tell me, my Lord, if this celestial sense,
 Known by the awful name of Conscience,
 Should deign from quick'ning Satire to receive
 The means by which its flighted stings can give
 Renew'd affliction, and, with force, impart
 Its poignant sorrows to th' awaken'd heart;
 Will your enlighten'd kindness still refuse
 Its ready praise to the correcting Muse ?

L——. However just your Satire, still I find
 It wounds my tenderness for Human-kind.
 I cannot see the gnashing culprit bleed,
 But Pity wakes abhorrence at the deed !
 Is there no gentler means to rouse the heart
 To love of noble deeds ?—No soft'ning art

To

To tempt the truant back to Virtue's school?
 Come, change your angry scourge for ridicule;
 For laughing wit give up the Censor's toil,
 And clothe your frowning visage with a smile:
 The pointed humour of a well-told Tale
 Will call a blush when angry Lectures fail.
 Vice, harden'd by the sharp assault, defies
 Proud Satire and her harsh severities.
 Thus goaded, she grows bolder from the smart,
 And clings more close, and forms th' obdurate heart.
 Indeed, my Friend, I do not wish to prove
 A cruel temper in the man I love:
 But thus, uncall'd and unprovok'd, to throw
 Your angry darts around and dare the foe,
 I might call rashness;—but the World will cry,
 With all its tongues,—“ 'Tis wanton Cruelty.”

P—. The World, my noble Friend, is that the Court
 To which your wisdom tells me to resort?

When

Where loose Opinion, changeful as the hour,
Is Judge supreme, and boasts unrivall'd power.

Why would your Lordship urge me to pursue
A path that never yet was trod by you?

To-day its varying voice may damn my name;
The next may change its censure into fame.

Vice is the worst disease that mortals know,
The source of present pain and future woe;

And sure he merits well of human kind,
Who strives to quench its poison in the mind.

In this humane attempt should he apply

The thirsty leech, or burning cautery,

The World may rail, but Virtue will approve

The deed of cruelty and call it love;

And while the sickly minds their pains endure,

Lament the ill, but hope th' approaching cure.

When Potts, with matchless skill, employs the knife
Whose wholesome wound preserves the patient's life;

When, careless of the sick man's bitter moan,
He from its painful cave draws forth the stone;
Say, does the love of blood his art command,
Or urge the saving rigors of his hand?
Perhaps, you'd have him shake with tender fear,
Or load th' observant eye-lids with a tear;
Or, 'mid the tortures of the fore disease,
Indulge in smiles to give the patient ease.
The trifling whimsies of the Modish Fool
May feel the less'ning laugh of ridicule:
But Vice disdains the laugh, nor has a fear
For Wit's appointed stroke or cutting sneer.
To such diseases Satire must apply
The keenest probe of mental surgery;
Nor is he cruel whose satiric art
Cuts the fell gangrene from the villain's heart.
—That work, howe'er severe, can ne'er be wrong,
Where Virtue guides the pen or aids the song.

L——. Alas! whate'er their conduct, all pretend,
That Virtue is their Genius and their Friend.
The patriot ardor, the rebellious flame,
With tortur'd Virtue equal kindred claim.
'Tis Virtue glows in gallant PERCY's breast;
By Virtue captive LEE is doubly blest.
The Merchant feels it in the thirst of gain;—
The Soldier sees it 'mid th' embattel'd plain;—
The Hermit wooes her in the shaggy dell;—
Deep in the gloom of some monastic cell,
The Monk, 'mid mummery and thoughtless prayer,
Thinks he beholds her meagre image there.
Ask B——, he will tell you that it lies
In quick reversion and in legacies;—
In narrow views of profit and of pelf;
The hate of others, and the love of self:
Or that the best and highest good of life
Springs from the fortune of a *golden Wife*;
While careless M—— can a virtue find,
In giving riches to the scattering wind.

'The gentle C— — feels it in the hand
 That bears, with conscious grasp, the taper wand;
 The courtly badge, the ornamental toy,
 So aptly form'd to please the rosy boy:
 What numbers seek it in a married life!
 Yet some there are who hate it in a Wife;
 And *Barrymore*, grown wild in *Pleasure's* dance,
 Thinks that she finds the *filly thing* in *France*.

P—. While I, my Lord, the dupe of self-deceit,
 Like them led on by the experienc'd cheat,
 See through my Works an honest virtue shine,
 And cast its beaming rays on every line.

Thus through the varying World how few agree
 In what is Virtue, Truth, Humanity:
 And yet, fair Virtue ever is the same,
 Nor warps her nature, tho' she change her name.
 'Tis not an idle word to charm the Throng,
 There are the truly good, to whom belong
 The love of doing right and fear of doing wrong.

The

The well-digested ardor to excel ;
The conscious dignity of acting well ;
To check, with steady rein, each vain desire ;
To calm, by Reason's aid, the rising fire
Of lawless passion, and, by her controul,
Direct each secret impulse of the soul :
This, this is Virtue, wherefoe'er she dwell,
In crowded Courts, or in the Hermit's cell.
To *India's* sons her flame she can impart,
And paint her beauty on the *Bramin's* heart ;
She may be found where prostrate Vot'ries lie
Before the bleeding scene of CALVARY.
'Neath scalding suns, and 'mid the burning sand,
She does the swarthy African command ;
And in the distant Island, lonely plac'd
Far on the bosom of the wat'ry waste,
The secret natives bow before her throne,
And think their virtue and the world their own.
E'en I, my Lord, before her altar bend,
And boast the friendship of the Muses Friend.

L——. Alas, that doubting World which you despise,
 The well-fram'd motive of your verse denies.
 Say, does your life in full perfection shine,
 And are your virtues rigid as your line?
 Say, are your well-weigh'd actions free from blame,
 And can you boast the Cenfor's spotless name?
 While sharp, envenom'd Satire forms your lays,
 Can you demand the tributary praise?
 Does no base passion urge you to declare
 With Vice and vicious men this open war?
 And, as you wield the weapon, can you shew
 A fair, unfoil'd example to the foe?
 To this close language of the World attend;
 That thankless World you strive, in vain, to mend.

P——. In truth, my Lord, if base, degenerate men
 Were never lash'd till Angels held the pen;
 If such reforming powers are only given
 To the celestial denizens of Heaven;

If

If such consummate Virtue must belong
To him who ventures on satiric song,
The unrelenting World may well agree
To hurl its vengeance and its sneers at me.
E'en B— — may my utmost power defy,
And give one smile that does not tell a lie ;—
One honest smile that does not flow from art,
And speaks, for once, the language of his heart.
But Imperfection is the lot of Man ;
Strive all we may, my Lord, do all we can,
Without the guidance of celestial Grace,
We run with erring steps the vital race.
Now, with an eagle's wing, we upwards fly,
And ape the virtues of the pitying sky ;
Now, with a serpent's lust, on earth we stray,
And roll our volumes through the dusty way.
—Where is Perfection ?—You, perhaps, may tell,
Who always think so right, and act so well.
Does she to gilded palaces resort,
And cleanse the tainted manners of a Court ?

Will

Will she be found, amid the wrangling Bar,
To rule the conflicts of the wordy-war?
Or does she to the *Mitred Bench* repair,
And there repose her flight,—for *Lowth* is there?
Alas! my Lord, in doubt to whom 'tis given,
You leave the Earth, and turn your thoughts to Heaven.
—But, while all-sacred Truth directs my pen,
Vain are the tauntings of unhallow'd men.
'Tis a stale shift, to every villain known,
By others vices to support their own.
Whate'er my errors,—if my verse ascends
To Virtue's sorrows, and her cause defends;
If I disdain dark Slander's sullen lie,
And the still tale of artful Calumny;
If I ne'er paint the vice I cannot prove,
Whate'er my errors,—to the Powers above
I leave my secret ends,—without a fear
But I shall find an absolution there.

Perhaps

Perhaps you think, like many an hungry Bard,
 I court the Muses for their lean reward;
 Or that I write, as ——— cogs the dye,
 From the sad impulse of Necessity.
 Pale want will make the proudest bend his knee;
 No wonder then it makes a Bard of me.
 Th' unbiafs'd Judge dispenses law for gold;
 Each welcome Term the quarter's due is told *.
 The tythe-pig gruntles in the Vicar's ear,
 Such the reward of preaching and of prayer.
 Whate'er the toil, for gold we all apply,
 And millions are the pay of Royalty.

L——. But some have dar'd to say, the offer'd bribe
 Would quickly call you from the Writing Tribe,
 Or turn the rapid current of your lays
 From snarling censure into fawning praise;

* *Quarter's due is told.*] The salary of the Judges, if I am not misinformed, is regularly made, in quarterly payments, every Term.

That all your hoard of Satire's to be sold,
If any fool would give th' expected gold.

P——. They reason well :—'tis therefore that I chuse
Such *generous* subjects for my venal Muse ;
Men who regard not wealth, whose only aim
Looks to procure a well-establiſh'd name ;
Who wou'd bribe high to ſave their dear renown
From the infulting hiſſes of the Town ;
Or from the Poet's cenſure to preſerve
Their life, would give their wealth, and nearly ſtarve.
For this I tap at B—— —'s chicken breſt,
That ever yearns to ſuccour the diſtreſs'd :
For this I call on H—— —'s honour'd name,
Whoſe deeds of bounty are the pride of fame.
From ſuch I ſoon muſt have the huſhing ſtore,
And I ſhall be a Satiriſt no more.
When theſe rewards attend my hardy ſong,
I'll ſeek my native woods, and hold my tongue ;

Or, leaving angry carols, charm the time ;
With shepherd's reed and inoffensive rhyme.

L—. You laugh, my friend ; I see your scornful eye
Bright with the beams of sneering Irony.

P—. 'Tis true, my noble Lord, I use no art,
My visage speaks the language of my heart.
By good or ill no pension could be won
From fordid H— —, or his fordid son :
Should I for ever strike such flints as these,
No glittering sparks would mount into a blaze :
As well might I expect the flowing tide
Would hear my feeble voice and backward glide :
Or, at my call, the hard rock would bestow
Its gushing rivers on the meads below.
—With them, whate'er their fondness for a name,
The loss of gold is more than loss of Fame.
'Tis plain then such designs can never sway
My wiser Muse to frame the rigid lay.

If lazy, lying Want should e'er suggest
 Such projects to my mercenary breast,
 I would besiege the minds of softest mould,
 Whose wounded fears would bleed with ready gold;
 Such, such there are! But know, that I disdain
 These coward arts, and will my course maintain
 With steady courage, that, unus'd to yield,
 Defies the vaunted dangers of the field.

L—. Bold is the man; my Friend, who dares engage
 The vengeful vices of a wicked Age.
 Not bolder he whose bark first dar'd to brave
 The unknown passage of the stormy wave:
 Not bolder he, who, in the midway air,
 Hangs on the rock and plucks the samphire there.
 —Think you to live in ease where'er you go?
 Revenge, Revenge prepares the bitter foe!
 I see him all around his terrors shed,
 The well-pois'd cane high-waving o'er your head;

I view

I view the rapier urge the deadly strife,
And aim its sharpness at your trembling life.
Nor these alone :—A dark, infernal brood
Of angry Spirits, thirsting for thy blood,
Shall whet th' impatient dart, whose certain flight,
Unseen amid the coward gloom of night,
May wound thy peace.—E'en treach'rous fear shall dare,
In B— —'s form, to wage the secret war.

P—. Tho' you, with friendly zeal, foretel my woe,
I mean to live in peace and comfort too.
If B— —'s vengeful wishes could prevail,
And, at his word, those streams of comfort fail
Which freshen life,—still my most sore distress
Should ne'er be chang'd for B— —'s happiness.
I want no lulling cymbals to deceive
The tiresome hours, and tell me not to grieve :
I want no tongue to give my heart the lie
By any dear-bought, hard-earn'd flattery.
Upon the cold ground I can lay my head,
And sleep with pleasure on the flinty bed ;

Or rest in caverns on the sea-beat shore,
 Tho' tempests howl around and billows roar,
 Let the rude storm assail!—Its utmost din
 Shall rage in vain without—'tis peace within!
 —Look in my works; and if you there should find
 Truth in the page, suppress your fears for man's kind
 —I laugh at danger.—Should your angry men
 Draw forth their swords,—I'll answer with my pen.
 Let them, in air, their threat'ning canes display;
 I bear a cane, my Lord, as well as they.
 Nor will these certain arrows of the night
 Tho' poison paint their points, my soul affright.
 Should Dragon Tyranny unfold its claw,—
 I claim protection of protecting Law:
 That Law which to the meanest will afford
 Its equal blessings with the proudest Lord;
 That will to all, who to its covert fly,
 Secure their Peace and guard their Liberty:
 The Peace which hoarded riches cannot give,
 And will with Virtue in the desert live:
 The

The Liberty whose wings aloft will bear
 Th' advent'rous Muse,—and teach her not to fear.
 Protected thus by Law and Truth, my tongue
 Shall lash the villain with the knotted thong
 Of angry Satire ;—nor shall B——'s fears,
 His pallid looks, and apprehensive tears

Awake my pity.—He shall soon receive
 The keen correction that the Muse can give.

—While I can write, each Winter shall afford

Its lashings for that mean, unpitied Lord :

While I can write, each Winter shall impart

Some awful lesson to his trembling heart.

The Usurer too shall feel me, tho' he wear

The Garter'd Ribbon and the silver Star !

Th' indignant Muse, undaunted, shall command

The honours of the *Stationary wand* ;

Nor shall the sacred presence of a King

Stop her keen flight or blunt her whetted sting.

—I'll hunt the noble quarry, tho' it fly

To shelter 'neath a Royal canopy.

In vain will he to palaces repair,
 Nor Royal favour shall protect him there.
 E'en at his hour of prayer, when counted gold
 Does to his pious eye the god unfold,
 I will attend, and urge the bitter fight
 To damp the joys of his idolatry *.

L——. Stop, stop, thou hasty boy, thy rash career,
 And, ere we part, my final counsels hear.
 How smooth foe'er each polish'd line may flow,
 Tho' Truth had held the pen, 'twill make a foe;
 And if the angry World should join the cry,
 I fear, my Friend, for your security.

P——. And yet this angry World, in anger's spite,
 Buys up my works and urges me to write:
 And some there are, in these degenerate days,
 Who shed upon my verse the dew of praise.]

* *His Idolatry.*] “*The covetous man who is an Idolater.*” St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians, chap. v. ver. 5.

—Yes,

Yes, there are some, who, true to Virtue's cause,
 Excite my labours with their best applause.
 —If I let loose my daring Rhimes on those,
 Who, foes to Honour, are their Country's foes;
 And scorning wealth ill-got, and idle state,
 If to the World's I join the Muses' hate;
 If, with impartial care and judgment nice,
 I spare the weakness, but condemn the vice;
 Forgive me, if these terrors I disdain!—
 Foul Spite shall scoff, and Vengeance threat in vain.
 Let WHITEHEAD frame for Courts th' harmonious lie,
 And weave his annual wreaths for Flattery:
 I would not quit my honourable road
 For thrice the profits of a Royal Ode.

L——. And yet, methinks, some little share of praise
 Would smoothe the roughness of your rigid lays:
 Nor are there wanting those who should receive
 The fairest tribute that the Muse can give.

Is there no Peer, who, faithful to the cause
 Of injur'd BRITAIN, claims your just applause?
 Is there no Senator, whose soul disdains
 To bear about his mind the golden chains
 Of base Corruption?—In these learned days,
 Is there no Prelate who deserves your praise?

P——. Yes; SAVILLE, CAMDEN, ROCKINGHAM shall join
 To clothe with ponderous worth the splendid line.
 A grand Triumvirate!—whose glorious name
 Shall live applauded by the trump of Fame,
 'Till conquer'd BRITAIN sinks into a slave,
 Or hides her shame beneath th' insulting wave.
 My Muse a CHATHAM's glories shall rehearse,
 His hallow'd age shall dignify my verse:
 Nor shall I pass unsung the Prelate's name,
 Whose matchless virtues endless honours claim.
 Fond Science views in him her favourite son,
 And heaven-born Wisdom marks him for her own.
 No pride he knows;—his comprehensive mind
 Wears every grace that brightens human kind.

The friend of peace,—a foe to every strife,
 And blest with all the charities of life.
 To such consummate worth I ne'er refuse
 My willing honours,—while th' elated Muse
 Shall her best flow'rets o'er the Mitre shed,
 That beams, O LOWTH, upon thy reverend head!

L——. At length, with joy, I see your equal lays
 Can sink to censure or can soar to praise;
 On shameless Vice can stamp Shame's crimson dye,
 And give the Good their immortality.
 —Thus the bold eagle leaves his azure way,
 And seeks the carrion carcase for his prey;
 There dips his beak;—but, when the banquet's done,
 Replumes his wings and rises to the Sun.

THE END.

In the course of the Winter will be Published,

SATIRE THE FIRST.

ADDRESSED TO

LORD VISCOUNT * *.

Flebit, et insignis tota cantabitur urbe.

HOR.







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